ISSN 0712-7774

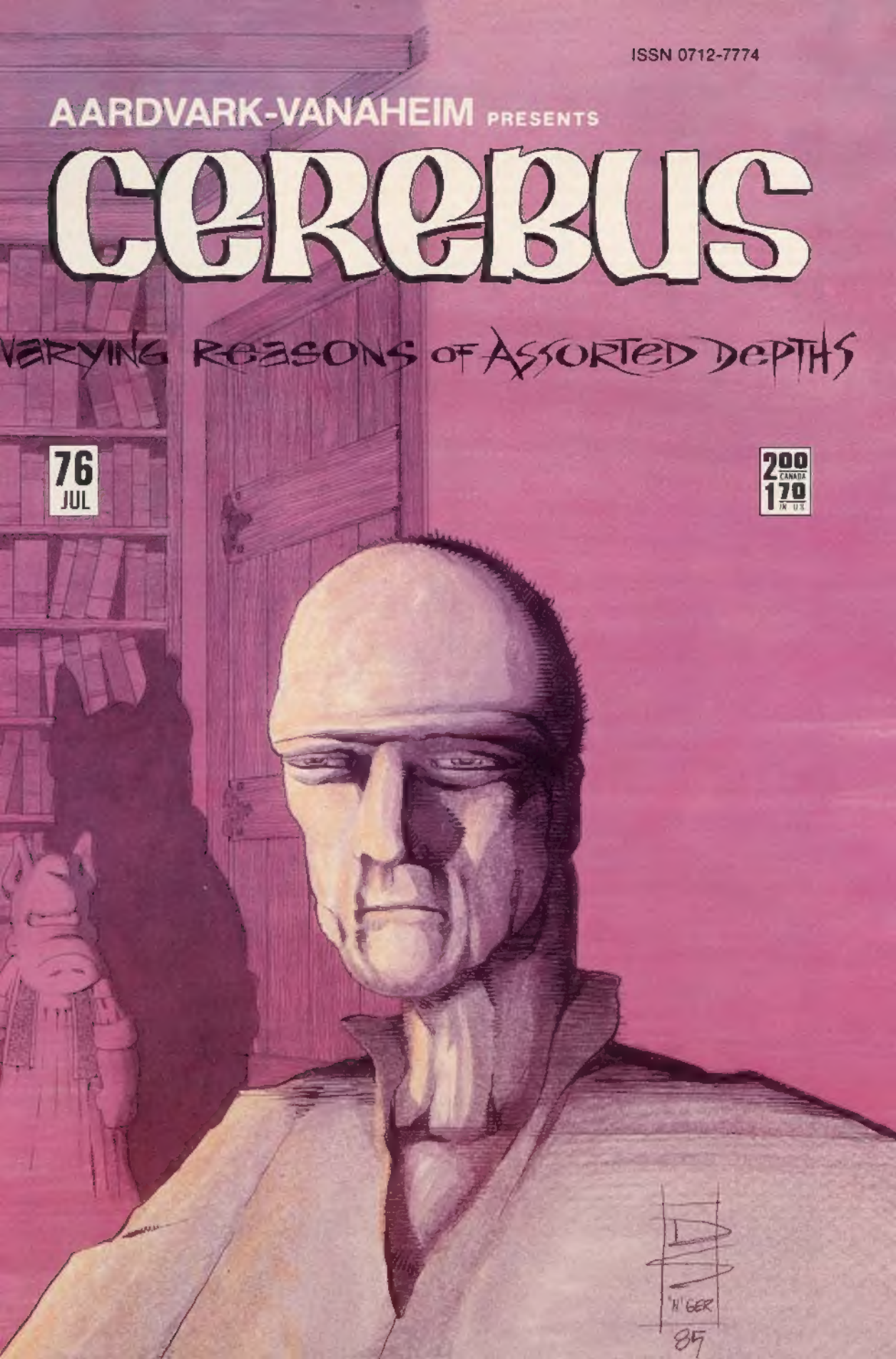
AARDVARK-VANAHEIM PRESENTS

CEREBUS

VERYING REASONS OF ASSORTED DEPTHS

76
JUL

2.00 CANADA
1.70 UK U.S.



N O T E • F R O M • T H E P R E S I D E N T

New rules, guys.

This is being written in a bar in Pittsburgh airport. I'm on my way home from the annual Heroes Convention in Charlotte. I decided I'd try something new in Charlotte. I decided I wasn't going to sit at a table and I decided I wasn't going to do any sketches. Just to see what it was like, y'know?

I am never doing another convention sketch for the rest of my life.

It was **fantastic**. I enjoyed being at a con for the first time in years. I wandered through the dealer's room, I talked to old friends, I answered questions, I signed comic books, I attended Bob Burden's interview/panel and stayed all the way through. I watched Sergio do sketches, I talked at great length with Curt Swan (the single biggest influence on me with his work on Superman when I was a kid), Julie Schwartz and Murphy Anderson. When I wanted to eat I went to a restaurant and ate. At the end of each day I was relaxed, happy, coherent and very much at ease.

Wandering around the dealer's room may not sound like a big deal to you, but when conventions have come to mean one chair, one table and an endless succession of comics and programmes to sign alternating with sketches of Cerebus as American Flagg, Cerebus the Barbarian, Cerebus drunk, Cerebus the Pope, Cerebus as Jon Sable, Cerebus and Superman, it **is** a big deal.

I woke up on Sunday and I could not **wait** to go downstairs.

It's part and parcel of my new overview of what I want out of comics.

I want to have **fun.**

A lot of you may not understand that --- you may feel I owe it to you to do sketches, to sit and sign complete sets of Cerebus. You may feel I have an obligation to stay in one place for three days so you can always find me.

Sorry.

But as I said when I started this column, new rules are required.

If you see me walking around, feel free to come up and talk, ask questions, show me your artwork, shake hands, whatever you're into.

If I'm talking to someone else and you want your programme signed or books signed, just hand them to me opened to the spot you want signed. **Please** don't say "Excuse me" or "Would you mind signing these books?" That's what I'm there for and I'll always have a pen with me. **Don't** wait for me to say "Do you want these signed?" I know what is needed when you come up with a stack of books opened to the first page and you have just as much right to my time as anyone I'm talking to. If you want to listen to the conversation hang around. If you want to talk about something, wait for a lull in the conversation or wait until the conversation is over. If I'm on my way to the bathroom or my hotel room, I'll tell you, and that means 'back off'. But feel free to wait outside the bathroom or in front of the elevators if you're right desperate.

Seriously, folks, I can't wait to go to the next few conventions now that I have liberated myself from the Artist's Table Ghetto.

And I **will** do little head sketches, Elrod bunnies, Cerebus trees and rocks and potato salad, but only when I feel like it.

And just between you, me and twenty-four thousand people, I did **one** sketch in Charlotte for a dealer who had a sister who needed a birthday present and a graduation present --- she had made the Dean's list --- and evidently was going to kill him if he didn't get a Most Holy sketch. But her name was Michele and I've always had a weakness for that name, y'know? (The sketch was free by the way).

PERSONAL APPEARANCES

JULY 5, 6, 7
DALLAS FANTASY FAIR
Ramada Hotel 1055 Regal Row, Dallas, TX

JULY 19, 20, 21 (Dave & Gerhard)
MAPLECON 7
Carleton University, Ottawa, Ontario

AUGUST 10TH
HOUSE OF FANTASY
1709 Pine Avenue, Niagara Falls, NY., (716) 282-8838 (11 to 7)

AUGUST 31ST RESCHEDULED TO SEPT. 7, 1985
Somerset Travelodge
Easton Avenue, next to Exit 6
New Brunswick, N.J.

SEPTEMBER 1ST RESCHEDULED TO SEPT. 8, 1985
NEW YORK COMIC CON
Skyline Motor Inn
725 10th Ave. at 50th St., New York, NY., (201) 335-1849

SEPTEMBER 20, 21, 22
U.K. COMIC ART CON '85
University of London Union, Central London, England

OCTOBER 19, 20 (Dave & Gerhard)
FALL CON
University Centre Hotel
1535 S.W. Archer Road, Gainesville, FL., (904) 374-8593

CEREBUS

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DAVE SIM
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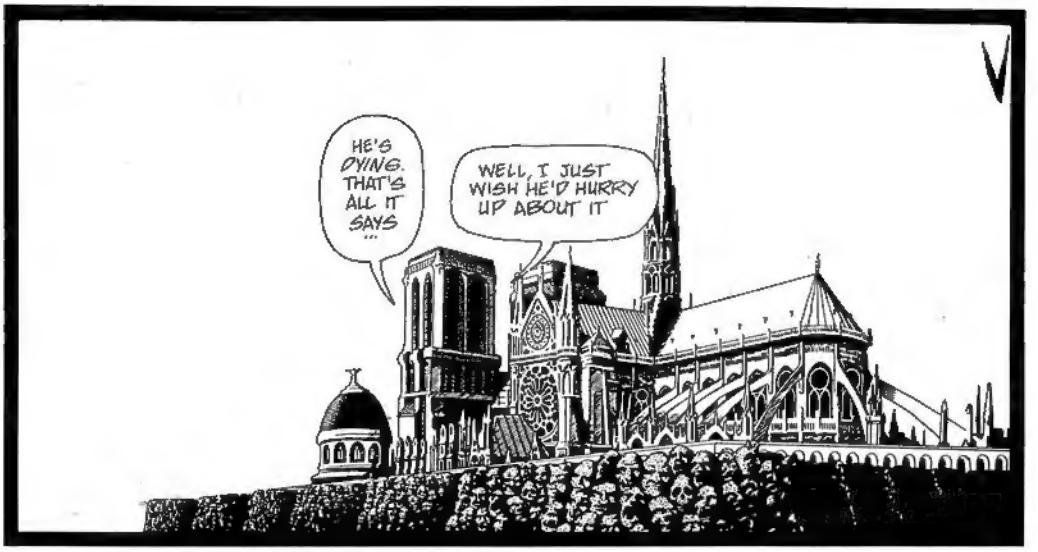
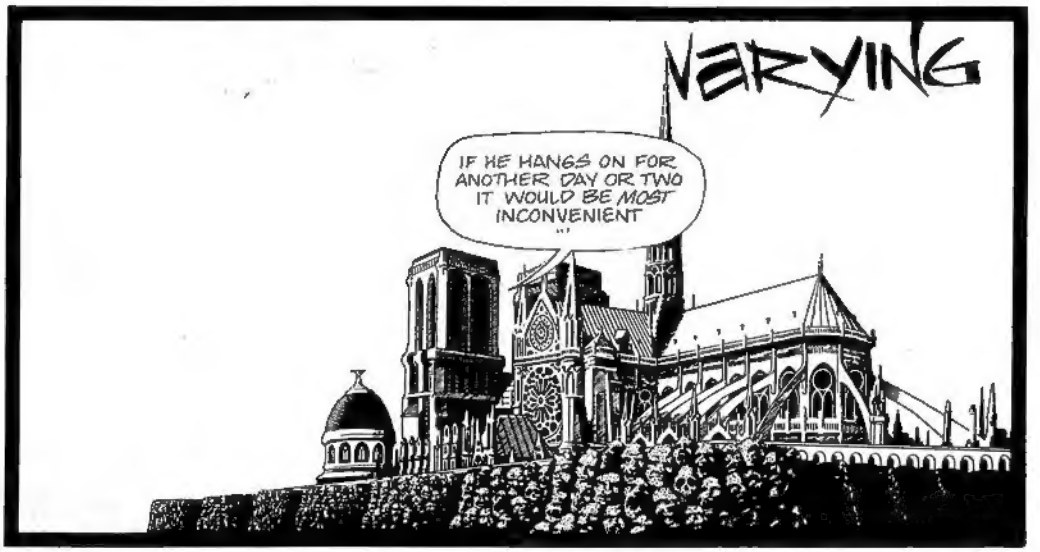
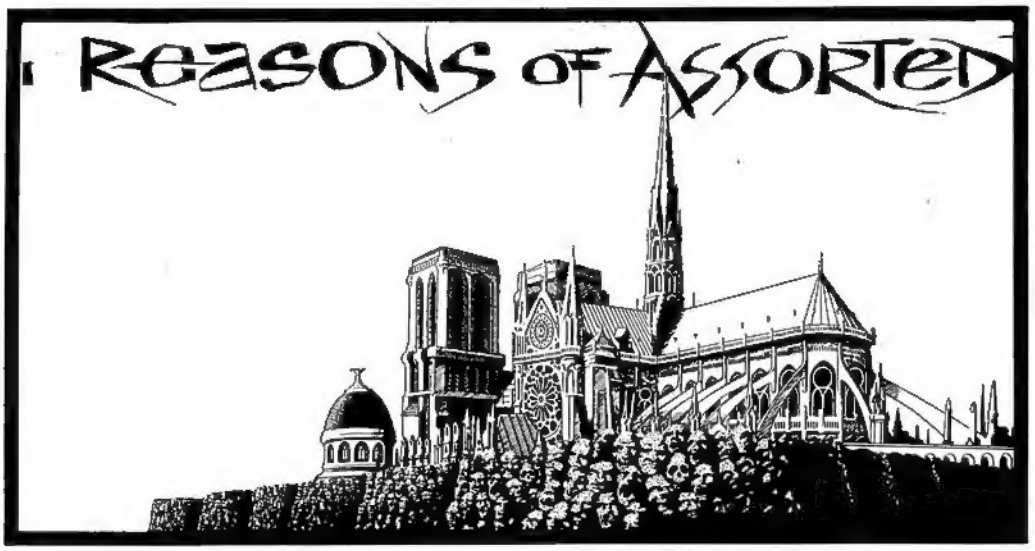
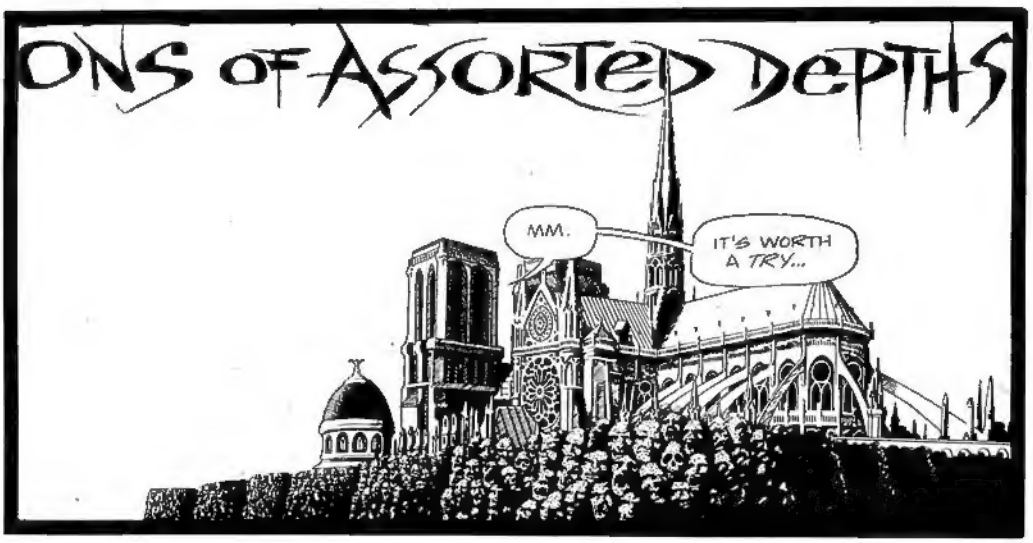

V
HE'S DYING. THAT'S ALL IT SAYS ...
WELL, I JUST WISH HE'D HURRY UP ABOUT IT

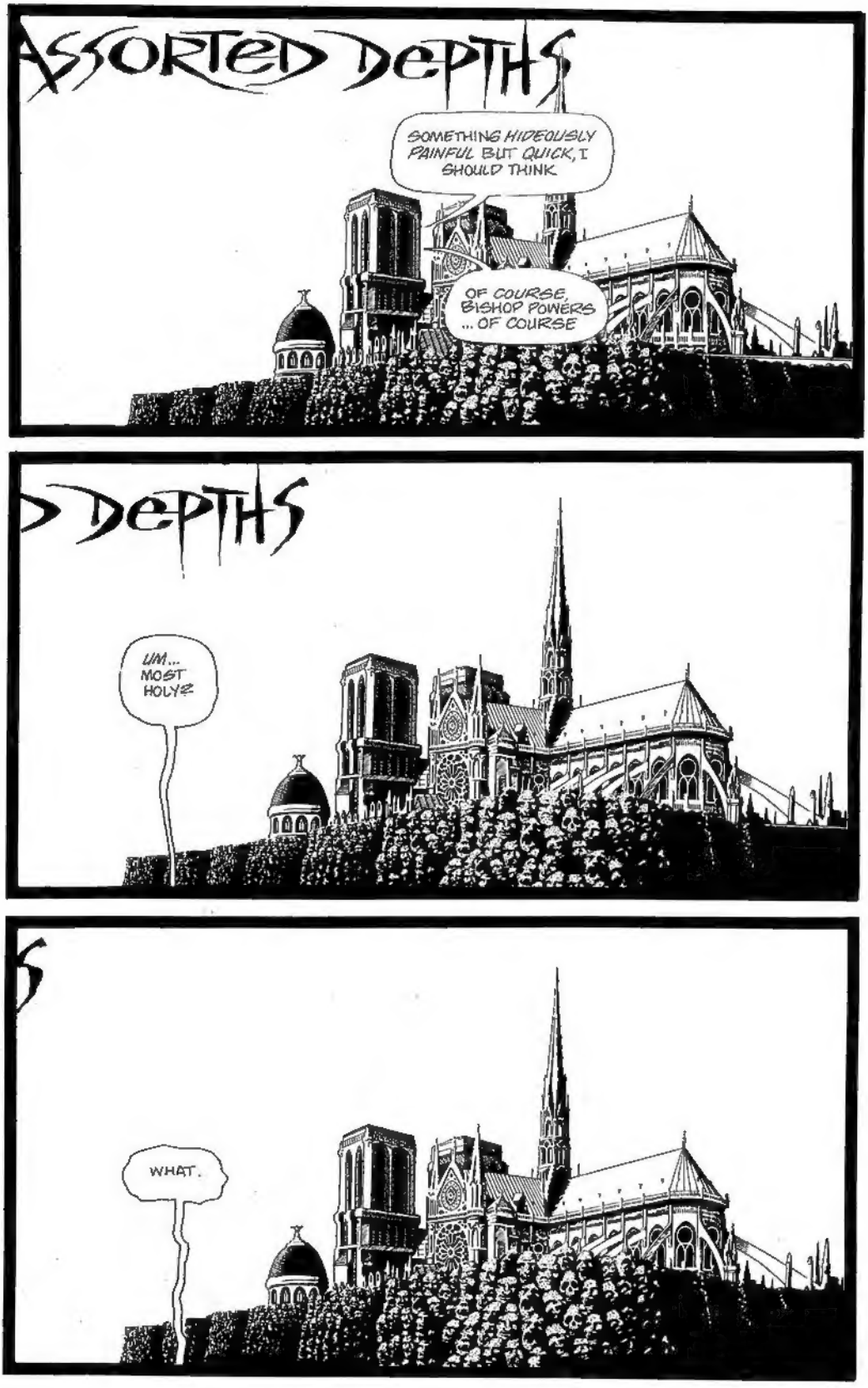

VARYING
IF HE HANGS ON FOR ANOTHER DAY OR TWO IT WOULD BE MOST INCONVENIENT ...

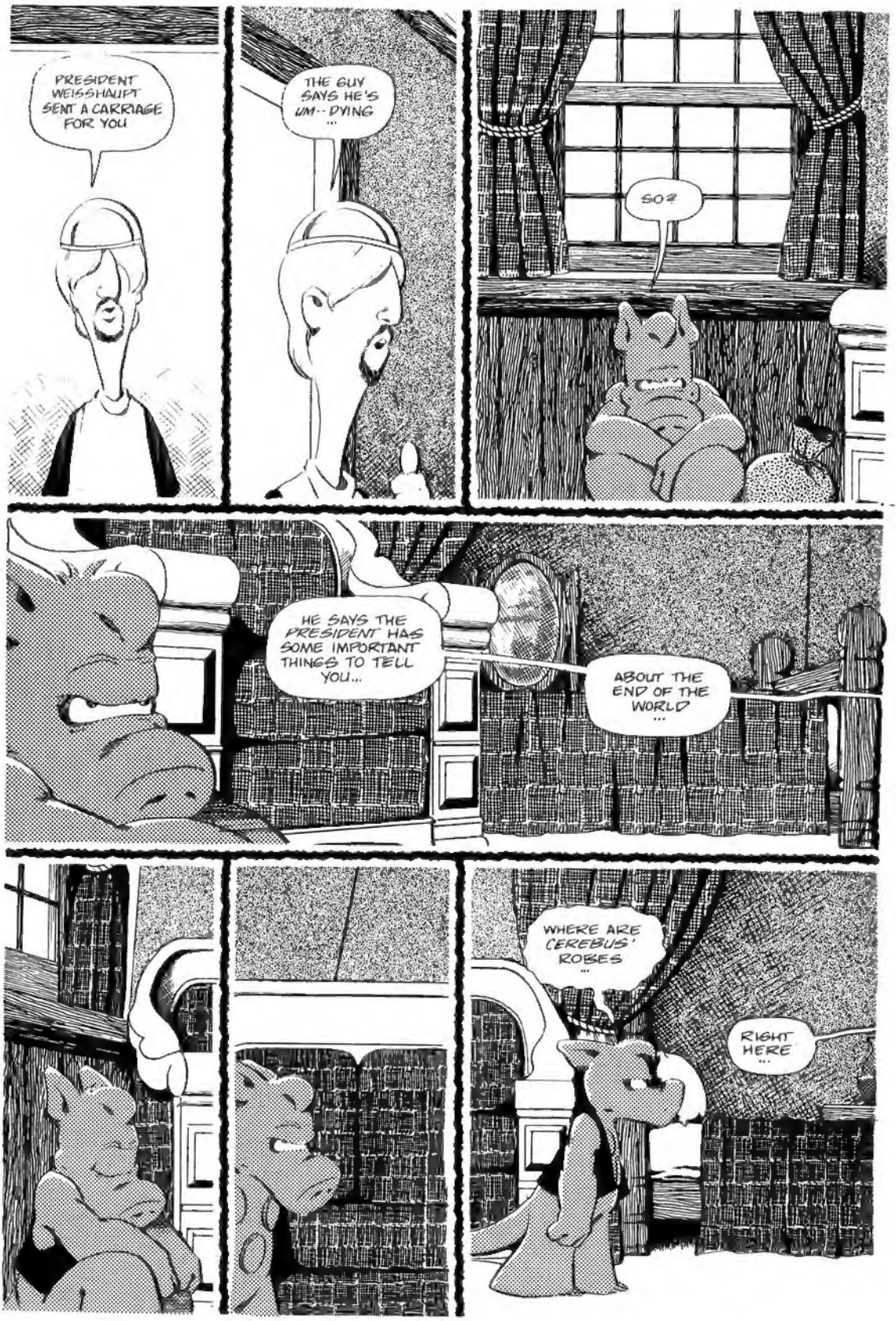
VARYING REASO
I'M SURE HE DOESN'T INTEND IT AS A PERSONAL SLIGHT, BISHOP POWERS
DON'T BE STUPID-- OF COURSE HE DOES
THAT MAN WOULD STAY ALIVE FOR WEEKS JUST TO SPITE ME ...

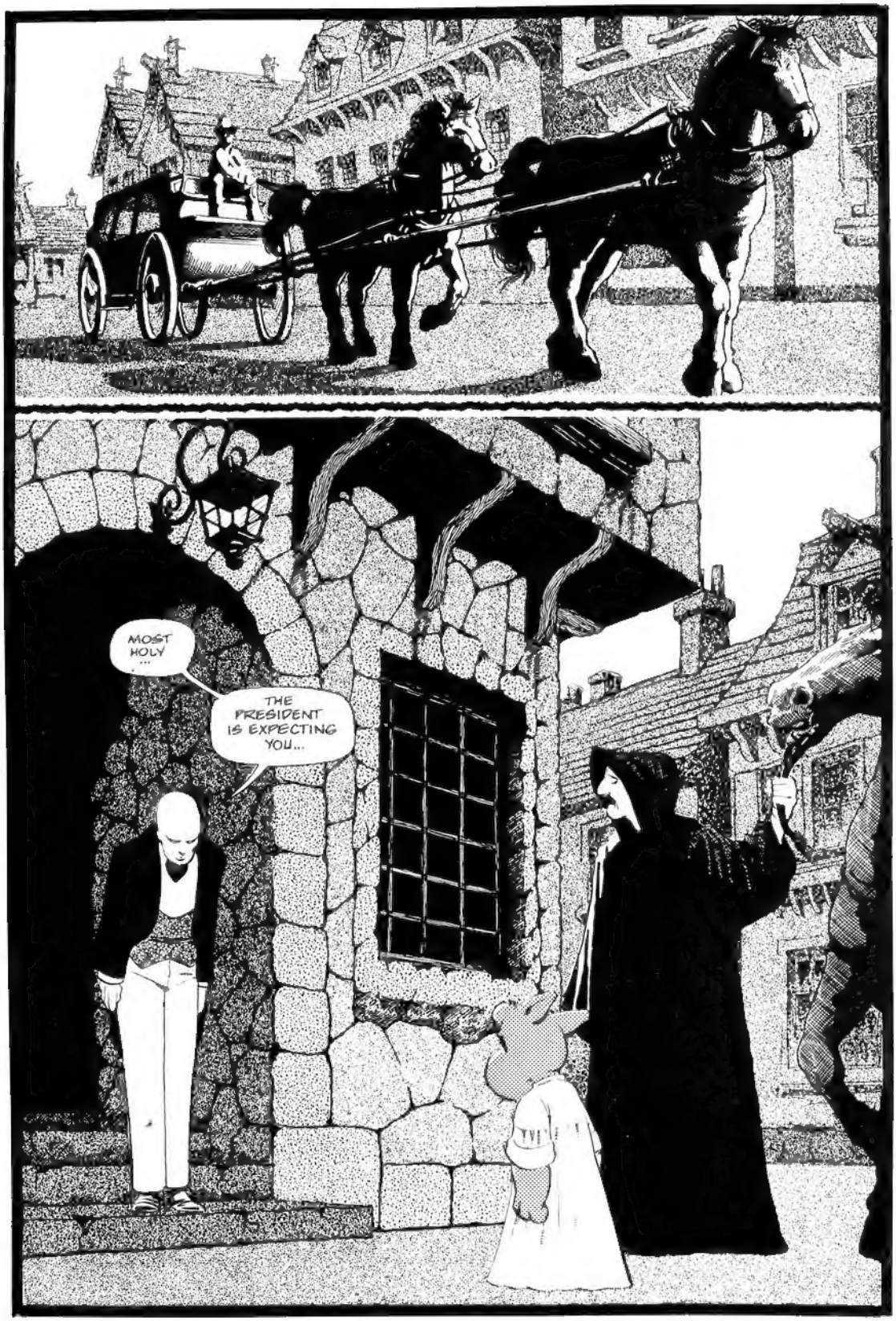
VARYING REASONS OF A
PERHAPS IF WE WERE TO... PRAY... FOR TARIM TO TAKE HIM TO HIS... FINAL REST
IT WOULD BE RATHER... UNUSUAL ...TO BE SURE... BUT...


REASONS OF ASSORTED


ONS OF ASSORTED DEPTHS
MM.
IT'S WORTH A TRY...


ASSORTED DEPTHS
SOMETHING HIDEOUSLY PAINFUL BUT QUICK, I SHOULD THINK.
OF COURSE, BISHOP POWERS ... OF COURSE
DEPTHS
UM... MOST HOLY?
WHAT.


PRESIDENT WEISSHAUPT SENT A CARRIAGE FOR YOU
THE GUY SAYS HE'S UM-- DYING ...
SO?
HE SAYS THE PRESIDENT HAS SOME IMPORTANT THINGS TO TELL YOU...
ABOUT THE END OF THE WORLD ...
WHERE ARE CEREBUS' ROBES ...
RIGHT HERE ...


MOST HOLY ...
THE PRESIDENT IS EXPECTING YOU...

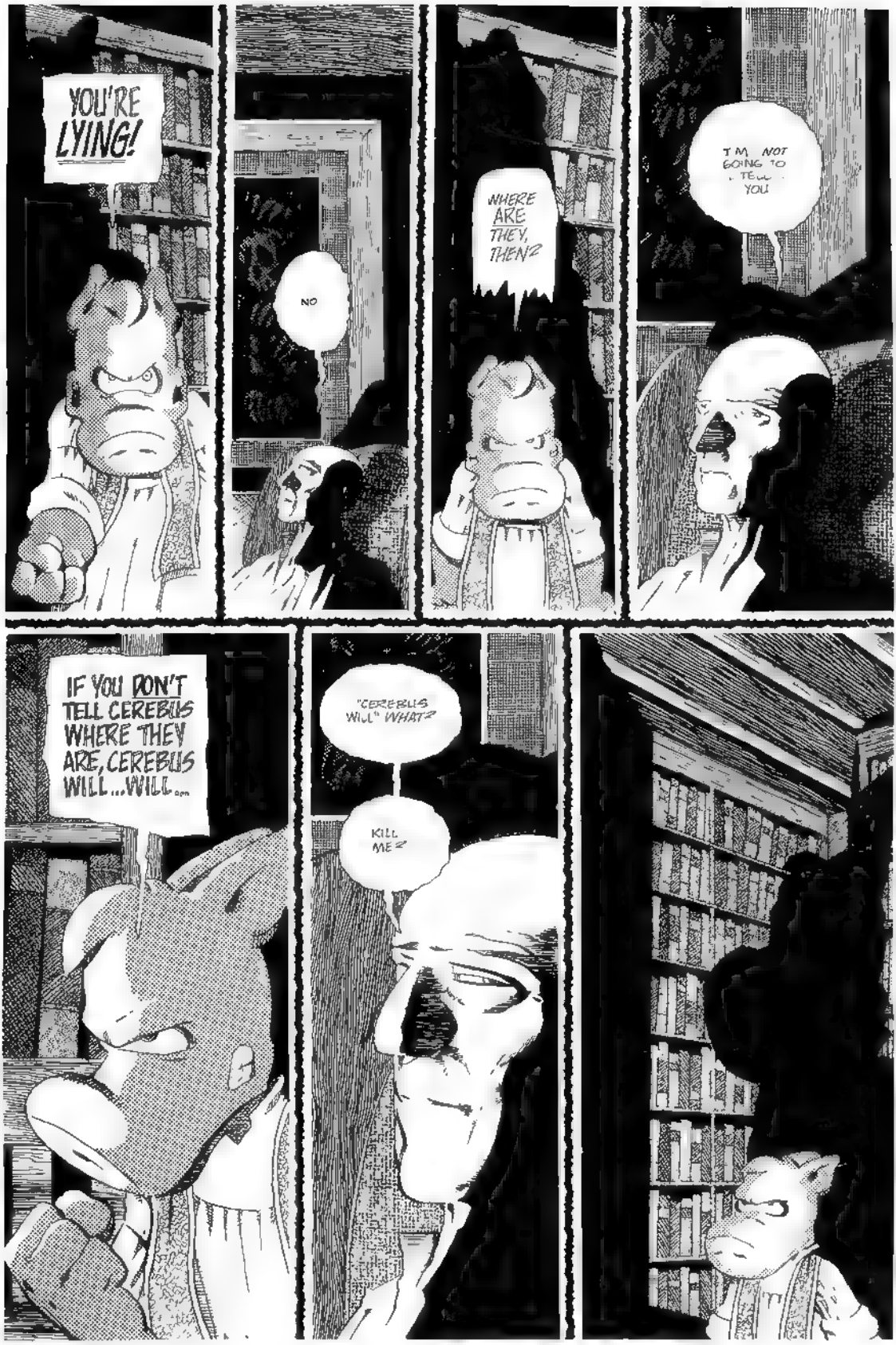
YOU CAN GO RIGHT IN...
MOST HOLY...
HELLO.
SNIF SNIF
MOST HOLY IS GOING TO STAND OVER HERE, WEISSHAUPT
YOU SMELL AS BAD AS YOU LOOK...
MM...
ONE RELISHES SUCH WORDS OF COMFORT AS THE ETERNAL NIGHT APPROACHES...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I ASKED YOU HERE TODAY.
NO, BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY TELL CERBERUS ANYWAY
YOU'VE CHOSEN A DIFFICULT AND PERILOUS COURSE
WITHOUT ALLIES. WITHOUT STRUCTURE ...
THERE IS A REAL DANGER THAT YOU WILL BE CONSUMED BY YOUR OWN POWER...
LOOK WHO'S TALKING....
TOUCHÉ

YOU HAVE SOMETHING... I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... I'LL ADMIT THAT.
THE PEASANTS AND LIVESTOCK FLOCK TO YOUR SIDE
CONQUERING THE RED MARCHES WITH SHOVELS... PITCHFORKS...
THEY'RE CENTRAL TO YOUR PLAN, ARE THEY NOT ...
... REPUBLICAN?
THEY'RE SCUM.. THE SAME AS EVERYONE IS SCUM...
CEREBUS COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE TOLD THEM TO JUMP OFF THE MOUNTAIN
YOU DENY THAT ASTORIA IS STILL PULLING YOUR STRINGS?
CEREBUS HASN'T SEEN ASTORIA SINCE HE RESIGNED AS PRIME MINISTER ...

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU...
BUT THAT'S NEITHER HERE NOR THERE
I WANT TO HELP YOU..
YOU'LL BE THE ONLY EXTRAORDINARY PERSON LEFT IN ESTARCION
YOU'RE NOT EXTRAORDINARY AT ALL, WEISSHAUPT
YOU'RE AN ORDINARY STUPID, DYING FOOL..
AND YOU'RE SOMETHING ELSE, WEISSHAUPT
YOU'RE A LOSER.
UH

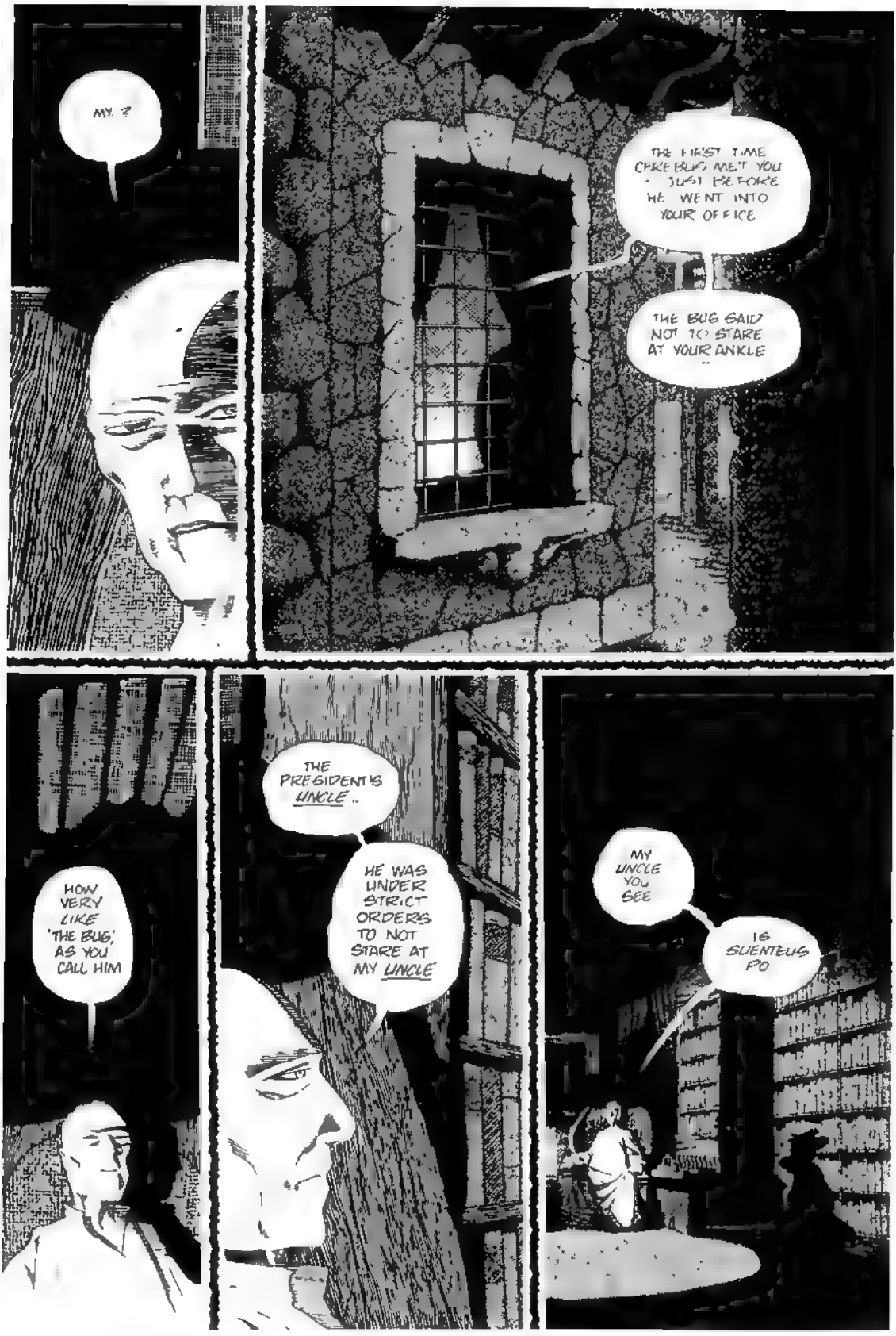
THIS IS WEISSHAUPT?
YOU SURE?
POSITIVE
YOU'RE GOING TO KICK IT WEISSHAUPT
NOT. YET
FIVE'LL GET YOU TEN
SHUT UP
YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS, AREN'T YOU?
OF COURSE
CEREBUS WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR THE WORLD
SO MUCH TO TELL YOU..
SO LITTLE TIME..
YOU MIGHT HAVE TIME FOR A LAST MEAL
IF IT'S A THREE MINUTE EGG
YOU.. THINK YOUR POWER IS WITHOUT LIMIT..
BUT YOU CAN BE STOPPED
YOU CAN BE STOPPED
YEAH?
BY WHO?
THERE ARE TWO.. OTHER AARDVARKS IN ESTARCION

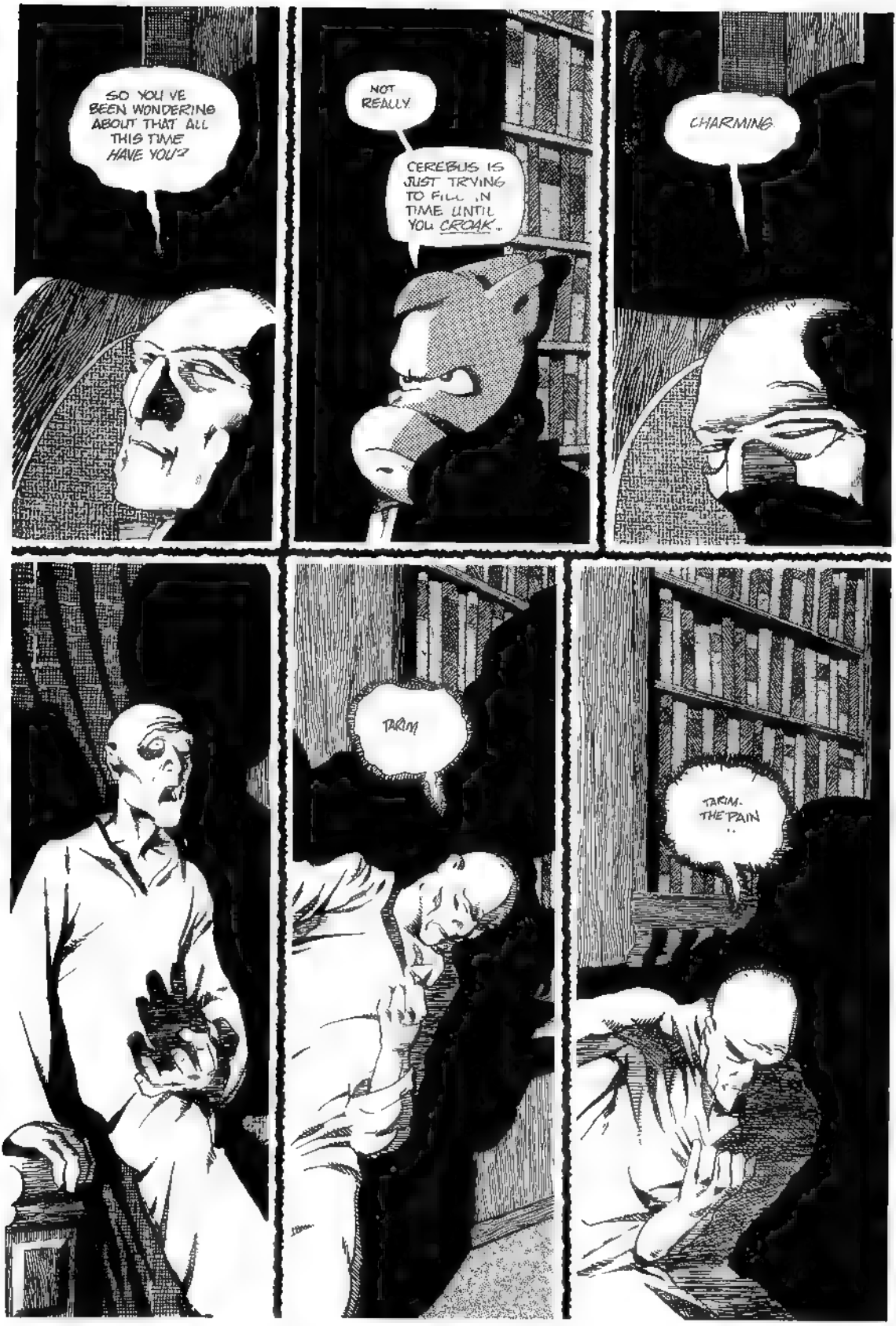

YOU'RE LYING!
NO
WHERE ARE THEY, THEN?
I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU
IF YOU DON'T TELL CEREBUS WHERE THEY ARE, CEREBUS WILL...WILL...
"CEREBUS WILL" WHAT?
KILL ME?

I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU EVERYTHING
I MAY, IN THE END, TELL YOU NOTHING
WHY
BECAUSE THERE IS YOU AREN'T READY FOR
THAT YOU MAY NEVER BE READY FOR..
IT WOULD DESTROY YOU..
YOU SEE
IT WAS I WHO WAS FATED TO BE THE REDEEMER..
HISTORY WILL BEAR WITNESS TO THE FACT THAT OUR CIVILIZATION TOOK A WRONG TURN.
WHEN EVENTS PLACED YOU AT THE HELM MY DEATH WILL BE SEEN AS THE GREATEST LOSS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY..
I'M SURE OF THAT
DON'T BE STUPID..
IT'S THE GREAT CEREBUS WHOSE COMING HAS BEEN FORETOLD FOR CENTURIES
THE GREAT CEREBUS IS WHO PEOPLE BELIEVE IN...

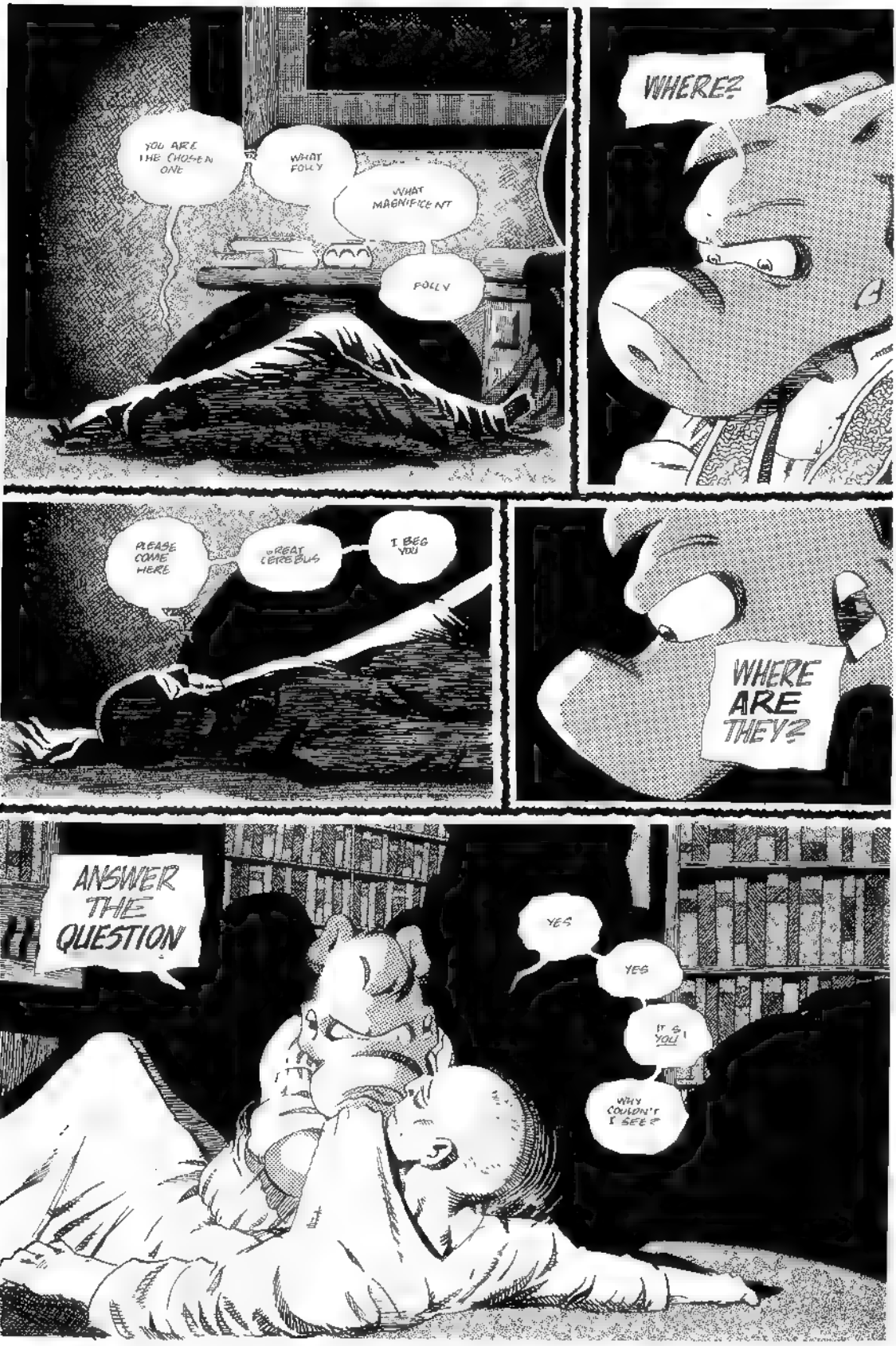
THAT REALLY RATHER DEPENDS, DOESN'T IT...?
ON WHETHER YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE GREAT MINDS AND VISIONARIES OF THIS TIME PERIOD
SCHOLARS, PHILOSOPHERS, INTELLECTUALS, NATIONAL LEADERS, ECONOMISTS.
OR PEOPLE IN LOIN CLOTHS, LIVING IN RABBIT WARRENS
LIKE YOUR BRAN MAK MUFIN
YOU REPRESENT A TRIUMPH OF THE MUNDANE OVER THE SUBLIME
A TRIUMPH WHICH IS EXTRAORDINARY ONLY BECAUSE IT IS SO IRREVOCABLY AND SO INHERENTLY...
TRAGIC
LIKE SOME GREAT MASTERWORK OF THE THEATRE. SOME TIMELESS DRAMA
WHICH SUDDENLY TRANSFORMS ITSELF INTO A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

YOU'RE HALLUCINATING
OF COURSE I AM
LIVING WITHOUT HALLUCINATIONS IS LIKE BREATHING WITH ONLY ONE NOSTRIL.
I'M A VISIONARY IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD.
YOU CAN TELL EVEN WITH YOUR LIMITED FACULTIES THAT I KNOW A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN YOU...
THAT'S WHY YOU CAME.
TO FIND OUT WHAT IS TRUE
AYE.
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, CEREBUS DOES HAVE A QUESTION
AND THAT IS?
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR ANKLE?
THUMP

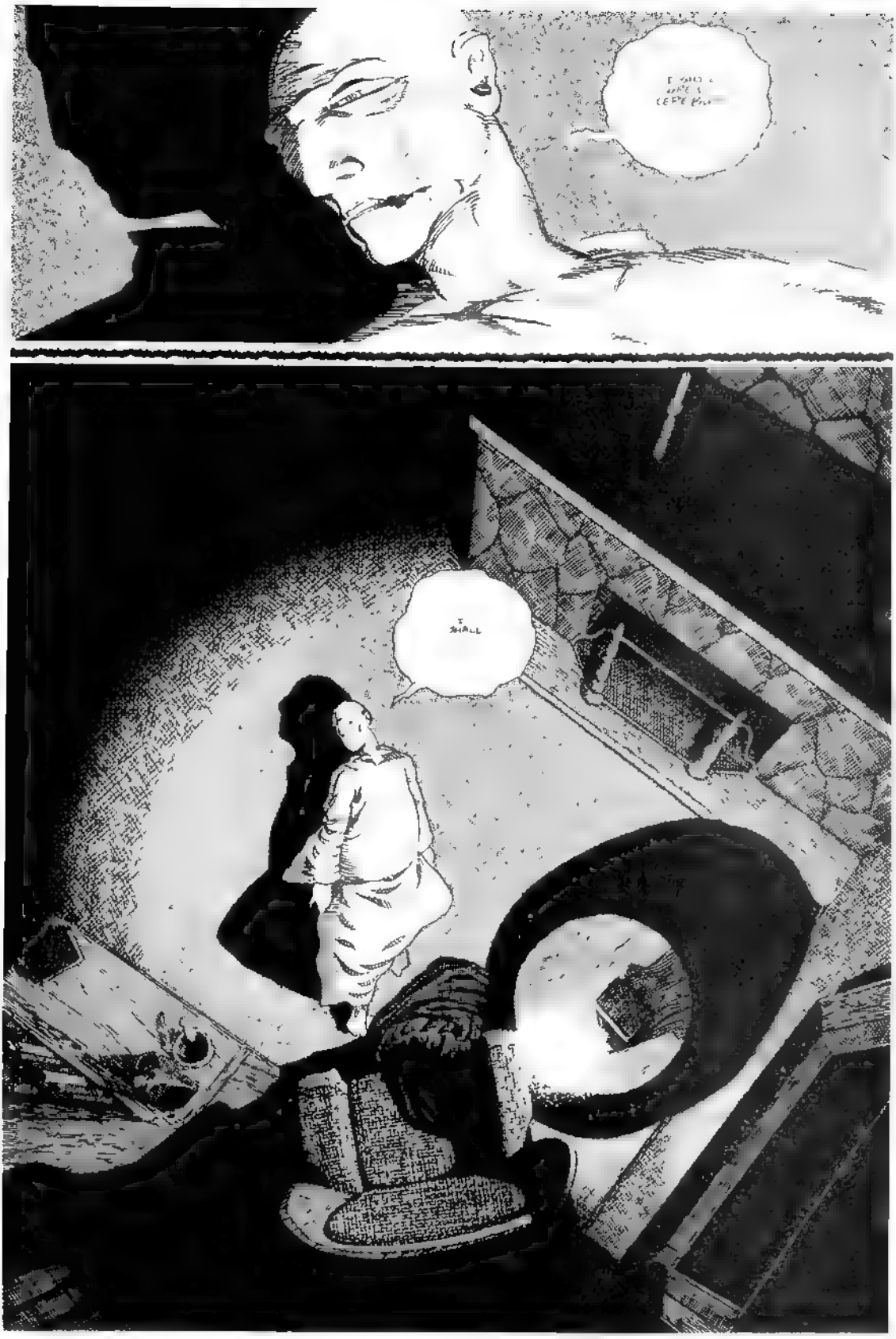

MY ?
THE FIRST TIME CPRE BUG MET YOU - JUST BEFORE HE WENT INTO YOUR OFFICE
THE BUG SAID NOT TO STARE AT YOUR ANKLE
HOW VERY LIKE 'THE BUG,' AS YOU CALL HIM
THE PRESIDENT'S UNCLE..
HE WAS UNDER STRICT ORDERS TO NOT STARE AT MY UNCLE
MY UNCLE YOU SEE
IS SUENTEUS PO


SO YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THAT ALL THIS TIME HAVE YOU?
NOT REALLY.
CEREBUS IS JUST TRYING TO FILL IN TIME UNTIL YOU CROAK..
CHARMING.
TARIM
TARIM. THE PAIN ..

IT'S TIME
YOU WANT TO HURRY IT UP?
CEREBUS HASN'T HAD HIS DINNER, YET
I CAN SEE IT NOW
I CAN SEE
WHERE ARE THE OTHER TWO AARDVARKS, WEISSHAUPT?
MOST HOLY
WHERE ARE THEY?


YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE
WHAT FOLLY
WHAT MAGNIFICENT
FOLLY
WHERE?
PLEASE COME HERE
O GREAT CEREBUS
I BEG YOU
WHERE ARE THEY?
ANSWER THE QUESTION
YES
YES
IT IS YOU!
WHY COULDN'T I SEE?

BLESS ME FAR M
WEISSHAUPT!
BLESS ME PLEASE
AND ABSOLVE ME OF MY SINS
GO TO HELL
SLAP
SLAM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AARDVARK COMMENT

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Notes:
Something I forgot to mention in last issue's Note from the President was the music background for the second half of the Jaka story; The Cars "Why Can't I have You?" Heartbeat City - The story takes about as long to read as the single takes to listen to (for about the same price I hasten to add).

****

Dear Dave,

A year and a half ago the proprietor of my local comic book store suggested I read a magazine called "Cerebus". He convinced me to buy a back issue ("The Deciding Vote") that he said was representative of Cerebus. Sure enough, I was hooked. I gradually bought all five **Swords** and all the back issues of **Church and State**, and I'm working my way through **High Society**.

I met you once, last September, at **Comics and Comix** in Berkeley. I'd read issue 6 not too long before. I staggered up to the table at which you were sitting, and I plaintively gasped a name — "Jaka". You smiled. Well might you smile, Mr. Sim.

I hate you. By the gods in heaven and demons of hell, I hate you.

I've just forsworn myself, of course. I don't hate you. Deep down, I hate myself, for being so thoroughly trapped. I've been in love (and still am), and felt (and feel) the despair and hopelessness. Now, as you put Cerebus and Jaka through this torture, my pain is reignited. And the worst part is, you've left some hope, one glorious light of promise, which I fear you are about to smother.

I know you'll resolve this for the time being, for good or ill, in issue 75. That will be the last issue of **Church and State**, if you hold to the number 25 as before, and you already seem to have Cerebus leaving the priesthood to wander once more. But please, by whatever, if anything, you hold sacred, have Jake wander with Cerebus. Cerebus loves Jaka, it's plain on every panel and every page. And Jaka, married or not, loves Cerebus as much now as ever — that anguish on the top of page eleven is the anguish of a lover. So please, be kind to Cerebus and Jaka, and to us, as well.

I don't hate you, after all. You could not know how to make us suffer so much, if you had not suffered similarly yourself. I love you.

Yours in hope and despair,

Andrew Solovay
5356 Locksley,
Oakland, CA., 94618

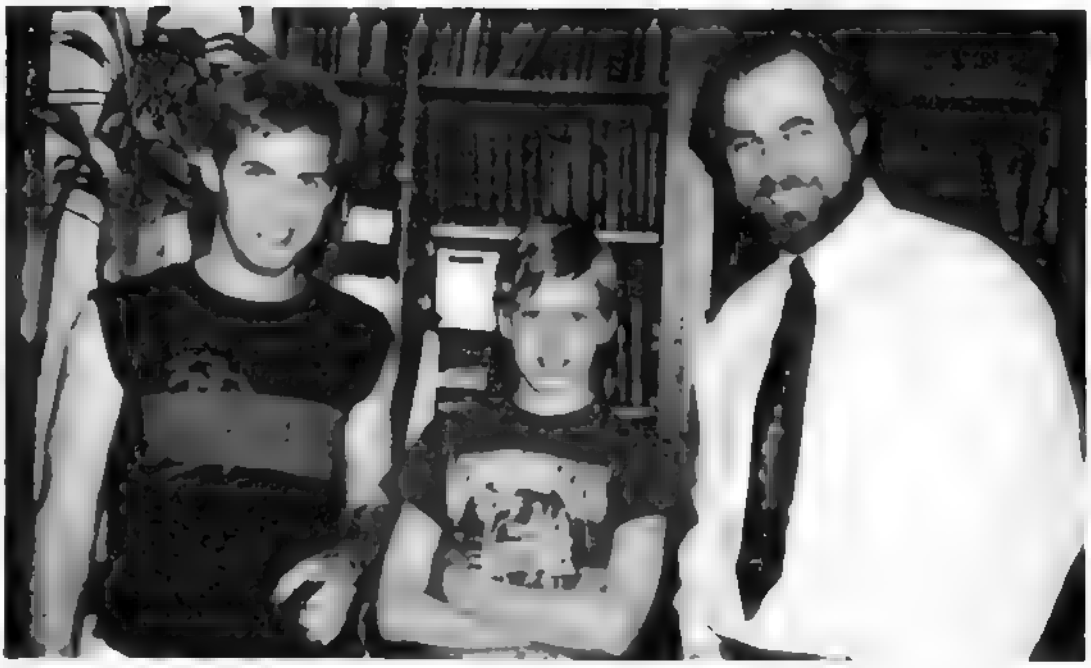
Couldn't we just be good friends?

****

Dave:

Barbarian once more? Certainly not. It's just another of Cerebus' childish solutions to his emotional problems, the psychological equivalent of smashing the teeth of a person to whom he is losing a game of Diamondback. Wouldn't we all like to give up life's complexities and run free, like when we were young?

Jaka's marriage is a logical step following The Night Before Petunacon, in issue 36. She did indeed wait for our earth-pig to remember, and came to him that night. But she found a Cerebus she



Afternacon in Charlotte, N.C. apres banquet. That's me (what can you say about a guy from Canada who wears a California t-shirt in North Carolina?) with Chris Powers (the Milk Carton kid who is fourteen going on thirty) and the lovely and talented Michael Wm. Kaluta. Biff and Norma made the mistake of giving Mike and I adjoining rooms. Legendary party, folks. Fortunately, the videotape Mike shot got erased.

Talent night at Jack Tar Village in the Bahamas. From left to right Paul Allems, Ray Romard and I (aka "Ray and Co") singing a medley of our hit "Me and Bobby McGee". I went back the first two weeks in June and performed solo, singing "Are you lonesome tonight?" There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

did not know, bragging about buying her a yak for supper. She left her hopes of regaining the Cerebus of old behind, as she left his sword. Refusing Cerebus's money, she said she could manage on her own.

She did. Realizing the aardvark had undergone the same transformation as her inimitable uncle, she found herself another lover and got hitched. This again shows that Jaka is perhaps the strongest and most mature character ever to grace these turbulent pages. Bravo.

Naturally, Cerebus himself remains the unmannered brat he always was, only now corrupted by power as well. It seems that Jaka was the first and only person to point out this fact, Cerebus being too thick-headed to understand Sophia's hints. The realization angered him. The memory of Jaka was a memory of a simpler life, something he clung to subconsciously despite his sticky dealings with whatever super power that deemed to manipulate him. Jaka's marriage crushed that image of the past and flung him face-down into the muddled present. A present he knows is wrong, and wants desperately out of.

Unfortunately it's not that easy. He's in it too deep. He's got the masses charging the Red Marches, he's got his tons of gold coins, he's got the Eye of Tarim and the big round glowing white strange succubus (oops, was I supposed to say that?), and last but not least, he's got to deal with Jaka's husband. Whoever that might be (Elrod, or maybe Moon Roach? Anything can happen in a comic book.). I can't wait to see what you do with this one. I predict Cerebus just makes more of a fool of himself, as usual, and doesn't get any closer to the old days, when he only had one mouth, than he did when he gave up being Prime Minister.

Meanwhile, the artwork is getting better and more expressive with each issue. It's panels like the last on page six, that say so much without a word, that make me stick with the book. The backgrounds are, of course, coming frighteningly close to life itself. Bravo again.

Before I finish, I want to say thanks to Cerebus Jam, and especially Eisner. Thrice bravo.

One last complaint: The letters page. "Most Holy likes me to tie him up and tickle his feet with my tongue," I find amusing. "Connie and her Stuffed Cerebus," I do not. Take a cold shower, guys.

Till then,

Kris Andrews
10140 Guilford Avenue,
Indianapolis, IN., 46280

I have a sudden picture in my mind of several male Cerebus fans taking a cold shower together. Not a pretty sight.

****

Dear Dave:

Cerebus Jam #1 was a lot of fun to read and enjoy. It was the way comics were meant to be and should always be... love of comics was in every word and drawing.

As for CEREBUS #74, "Acquired Tastes". Hilarious yet touching, moving at an unhurried pace, with so little dialogue that you can pay more attention to the art and each fragment of a graphic moment, dwelling on what may be going on in the character's head when he says nothing... but a sombre spark in his anthropomorphic eyes tells more than a mountain of prose could.

It's A..R..T.., that's what it is! So keep on doing your thing in your own unique way. Never mind the off-stage murmurings. Slave away at your drawing desk, you and Gerhard. Tell it all... love, hate, joy, sorrows, comedy. And don't make so many public appearances... your drawing board misses you.

Cordially,

Jerry Siegel,
Los Angeles, CA., 90049

While I appreciate such extravagant praise from the co-creator of Superman, I can't think of Cerebus as Art. I think it's clever... engaging... addictive even. But if Cerebus is Art, we're going to have to find something else to call Shakespeare.

****

Dear Dave;

I wrote you a couple of days ago asking you to set me up with one of your female readers. Well, today I picked up a couple of back issues (#71 the important one.) and found out

you know Colleen Doran. Please Dave, please - please - please, set me up with this girl. I mean, cream my jeans, she's beautiful. And by god if old Dave don't know this broad, you old dog you.

So please Dave, give her my picture and tell her I'm president of Labatt's Brewery or something equally as impressive, how about VP at Warner Communications, (You know, maybe I can do her a couple of favors, wink, wink, nudge, nudge) I dunno, you think of something, you're a better liar anyways.

Please reply quickly, I haven't had sex for two weeks. You remember what that was like, before you became famous.

Your friend forever (if I get laid)

Dennis Payne
724 McKeller Street,
Peterborough, Ontario
K9J 1R3

If Colleen had a nickel for every comics wahoo who thought he was her Moondoggie, she'd never have to draw another comic book, Dennis. If you send me a copy of A Distant Soil, I'll see if I can get her to autograph it for you. It's more than you deserve, but I'll do my best.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,

Before we start, let's just make it clear that this letter is written jointly by both Rob and Derek. We'll refer to the two of us in the first person plural, but we'll use third person when speaking of one or the other of us. Okay? Now, no whining about getting only one letter from the two of us this time. It can't be written any other way.

All right. So, a funny thing happened a month or so ago. We'd gone to see George Thorogood's performance here. Winning concert tickets from K-97, Edmonton's only rock station is practically a calling with Derek. If you didn't catch any of Thorogood's latest tour, you missed a good show, by the way. Where were we? Oh, yeah. So, we went to the concert, and the next day, we went off to visit our local comic shop and see if the new Cerebus was in yet. On the way, we passed by an already tattered poster for the Thorogood concert, and Derek commented on how the man doesn't really look like his voice. Rob said "No, but he does look like Dave Sim." Derek squinted at the poster and said, "By gosh, you're right". (Derek **really** talks like that, by the way). In any case, we were in the comic shop a few minutes later, and Derek picked up a copy of the latest Cerebus (#73), turning, as he usually does, to the letters page. We were disappointed that there were no Mike Bannon letters, but we had the living hell shocked right out of us when we saw the letter from Ben Adams, claiming that you are actually George Thorogood. (Ben Adams, by the way, is entirely too normal a name for one of your readers to have. We think it's an alias). Well, we know an omen when we see one. Hence the enclosed T-shirt. Happy birthday, and wear it in good health.

You know, we've gotten together and tried to drink alone, but it just doesn't seem to work.

Derek McCulloch and Rob McCulloch
1056-73 Street,
Edmonton, Alberta
T6K 2S8

The front of the t-shirt reads "I am not George Thorogood". The back reads "But I am bad to the bone". Watch for it coming soon to a con near you. My birthday was May 17, by the way. (Oh, and thanks to Judy Reich for my Texas Turkey cigarette lighter).

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave -

I've been hooked on Cerebus for a few years now. It's the only series I'm enthusiastic enough about to recommend to my now-comic reading friends, even quoting lines and anecdotes to them from past issues. So it was with a broad grin that I greeted the enclosed review of the series in the VLS (Voice Literary Supplement) section which appears once a month in NYC's Village Voice. Thought you'd appreciate it, too.

By the way, "Acquired Tastes" came out here 2 days following the Voice. Very powerful story; Jaka's impassioned outburst actually rang in my ear.

If I had any complaint, it is only that the book feels a bit like a pamphlet now, with the reduced page count. I hope that, with Gerhard's help, you bring the excised pages back soon.

Thanks for my monthly fix of Cerebus, Dave and enjoy the review.

Joe Anderson

Thanks for the clipping. I certainly never expected to be reviewed so favourably in the "real world". What a trip. Sorry, twenty pages a month is all I intend to draw. I figure the book looks less cluttered now. I like it better this way.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

Far be it fom me to ascribe to Cerebus any healing powers, but he is the pope right?

Last year I was involved in a rather nasty accident in which 14% of my body was critically burned. During my long recovery period a friend introduced me to your work and kindly loaned me his collection to read. I want to say for the weeks I read issue 1 through 68 my mind was off my pain and thoroughly involved with your wonderful characters and masterful storytelling. It was a welcome relief.

Last month I re-entered the hospital for skin grafts. Your magazines (which I now have my own collection of) were the first thing I packed, I wanted to see if Cerebus read any differently under the influence of Demerol (a powerful pain-killer). When I could focus I noticed the following:

1: The "Mind Game" issues tended to go audible and 3-D.

2: The faces you forgot (?) to fill in were profoundly disturbing for some reason I can't recall.

3: Lord Julius was a direct threat to the security of my stitches.

4: Mike Bannon's letters were re-read with mute incomprehension.

Other than that I can truly say I enjoyed them all just as much as before. Cerebus really helped the time pass through some really bad times. Thank you.

Your fan,

Richard Coyle
P.O. Box 5119,
N Charleston, S.C., 29406

Occasionally a letter like this comes in which makes me feel less like an artistic parasite and more like a Contributing Member of Society. And I don't want you guys popping Demerol just so you can listen to the Mind Game issues.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear David,

Connie Lingus, Connie Lingus, that's all I hear anymore. Do you think I buy your rag just to hear about Connie Lingus? Believe you me, **mister** Sim (and I use the term sparingly), you can get a helluva lot better photos than that for $1.70.

Besides, what the hell kind of name is Connie Lingus? Sounds like a pathetic sham of a mockery if you ask me. I mean, where could you possibly find a stupider name than Connie Lingus?

Phil Latio
69 Liquid Street,
Engulf, New Mexico

Har de har har.

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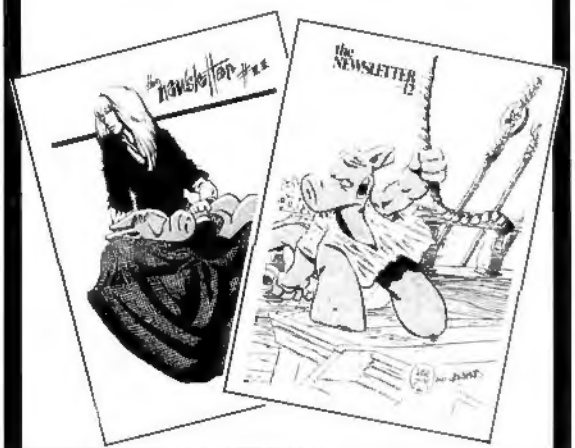

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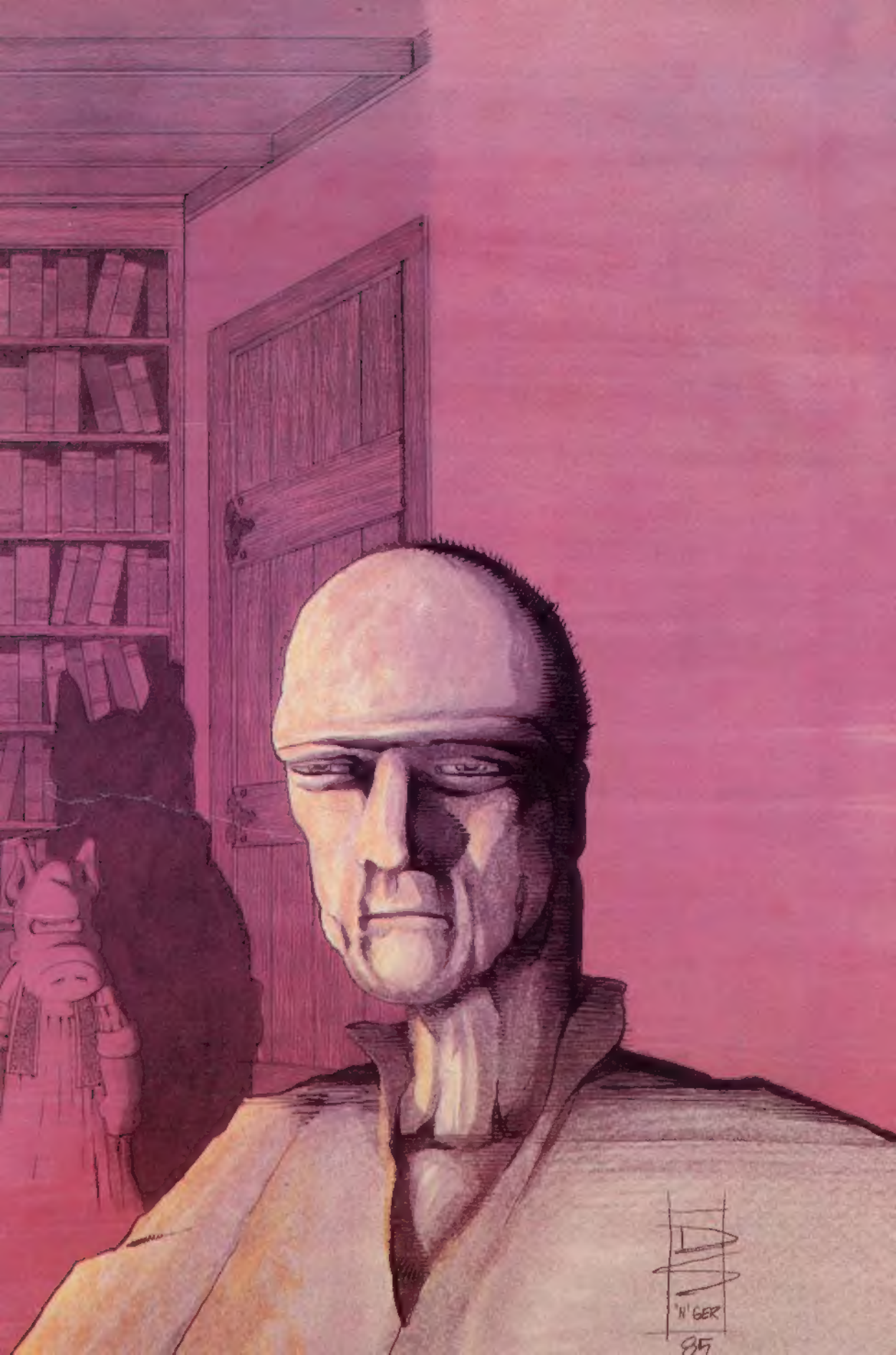
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